

Disney's

Beauty and the Beast

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Disney's Beauty and the Beast



Retold by Lara Bergen

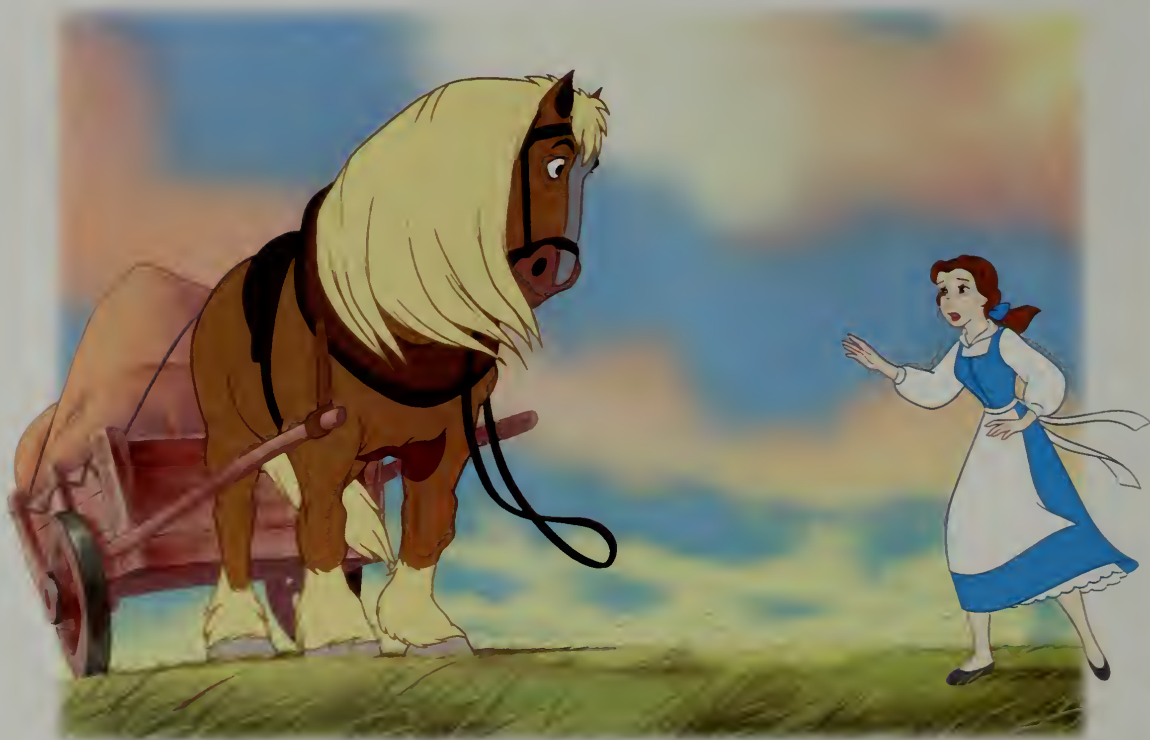


New York

Once upon a time, in a charming little village, there lived a girl named Belle who loved to read. Her favorite books were about adventure and romance—but she never imagined such things could happen to her.

Then one day, her father's horse, Phillipe, returned home without his rider.

"Where's Papa?" Belle asked Phillipe. "You must take me to him."





Phillipe brought Belle to a dark, mysterious castle in the woods. Inside, she found her father imprisoned by a ferocious Beast.

“Please let my father go!” Belle pleaded.

The Beast agreed, but only if *she* stayed in her father’s place—and promised to remain forever.

“You have my word,” she told him.



Belle soon learned that the castle was enchanted and that the Beast had once been a very handsome, but selfish, prince. Because of his selfishness, an enchantress had cast a spell on him that could only be broken if he came to love another and earned her true love in return. Until then, the Beast was a prisoner in his own castle. The enchantress had even turned the servants into household objects.

As Belle spent more time with the Beast, she began to see a gentle side beneath his gruff exterior.





Before long, the Beast and Belle became good friends. To show Belle how much she meant to him, the Beast held a grand ball—just for the two of them—in her honor.

He had the ballroom cleaned and polished, and he ordered a golden gown to be made for her.

When Belle put on the dress, she felt just like a princess. And when the Beast saw her in it, he knew that he was in love.

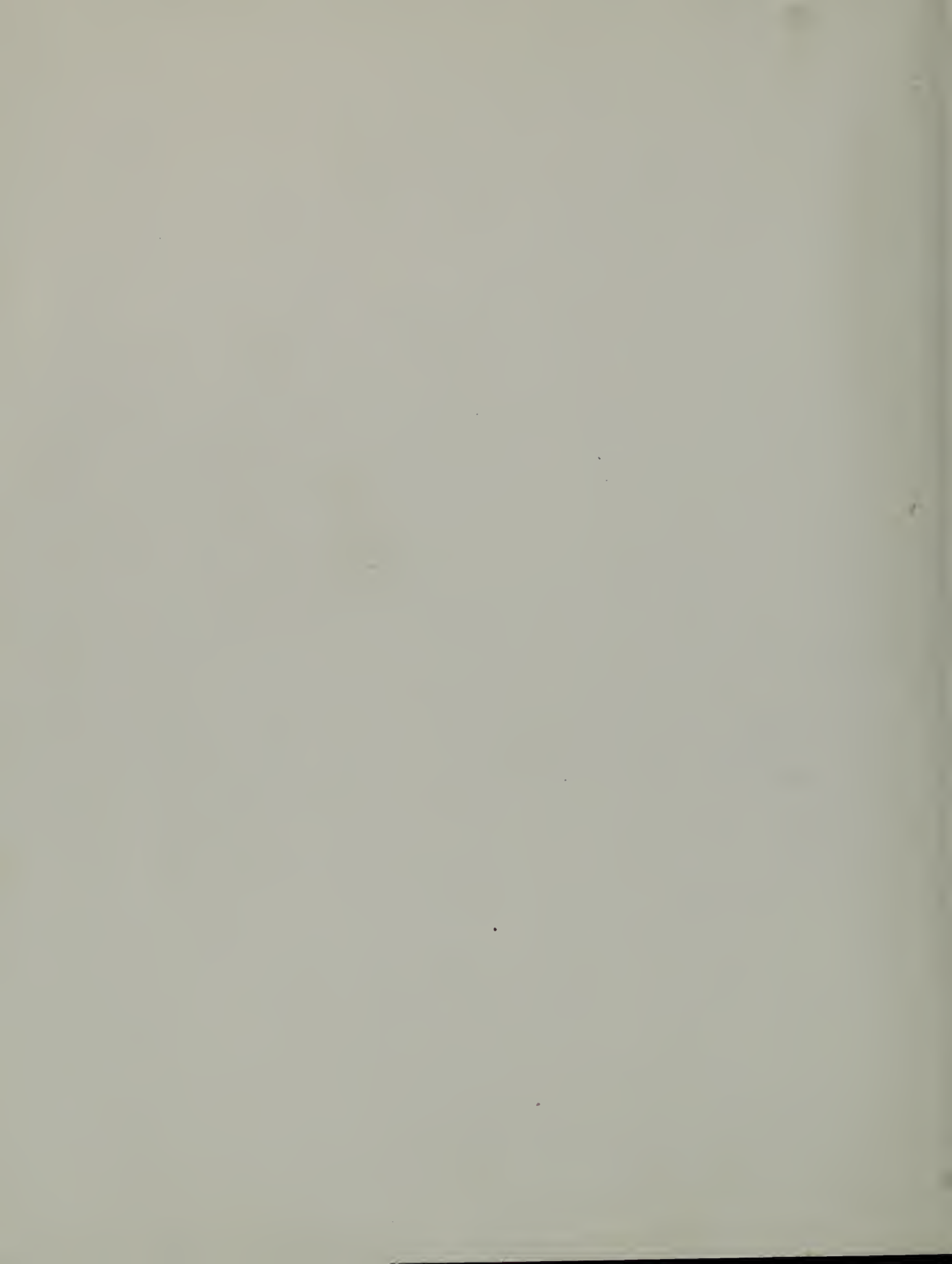


Belle gently took the Beast's hand and led him into the ballroom. Soon, they were swirling gracefully across the dance floor.



It was only a matter of time until the Beast's spell
would be broken, and Belle and her prince would live
happily ever after.





WALT DISNEY'S *Cinderella*



Retold by Lara Bergen



New York

Once upon a time, there lived a lovely girl named Cinderella. She was kind and cheerful, but her life was very hard. Her cruel stepmother, Lady Tremaine, and stepsisters, Anastasia and Drizella, filled her days with chores of every kind—and all without a “please” or “thank you.” They kept her dressed in rags and forced her to sleep in a cold attic room.





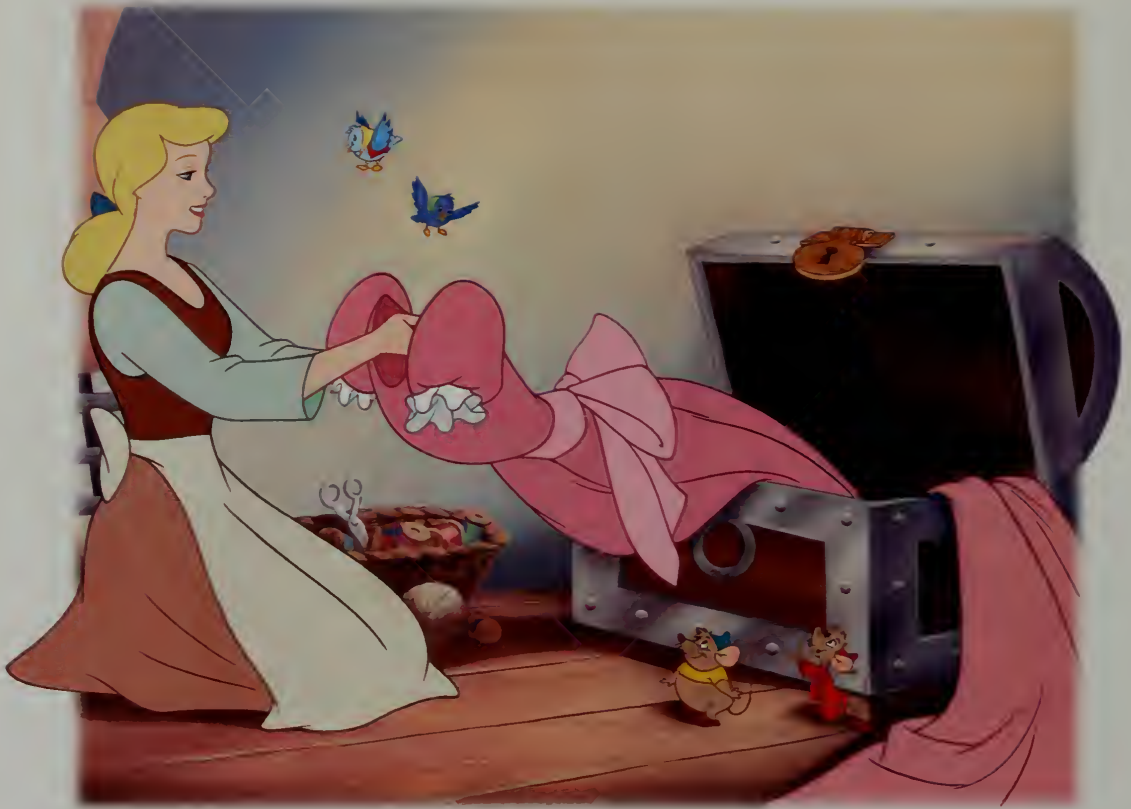
One day, Cinderella's life changed when an invitation from the palace was delivered. There was to be a great ball held that very evening in honor of the Prince—and every eligible maiden in the land was to attend.

"Why, that means I can go, too!" exclaimed Cinderella.

"Well, I see no reason why you can't go," her stepmother replied. "If you get all of your work done, and if you can find something suitable to wear."

"Oh, I'm sure I can!" said Cinderella excitedly.





Cinderella hurried to her attic room and opened an old trunk. Inside it was a long, pink gown that had belonged to her mother. "It is a little old-fashioned," she said to her animal friends, "but I'll fix that."

Suddenly a nagging voice called from downstairs.

"Cinderella!"

"I guess my dress will have to wait," she said with a sigh.



Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters did everything they could to keep her busy for the rest of the day. There was not a floor she wasn't made to polish, or an object she wasn't made to dust. She was even forced to redo chores she had already done!

Fortunately for Cinderella, she had made good friends with the mice who shared the attic with her. While she worked, they scurried about the house looking for old beads and tossed-away sashes so they could turn the old dress into a lovely, fashionable gown.



After her long day, Cinderella climbed the stairs to her room. Imagine her surprise when she opened the door and found the newly designed dress! She quickly slipped it on and hurried to catch her stepfamily as they left for the ball.

Her stepsisters were jealous as soon as they saw her.

“Why, those are my beads!” Drizella cried, ripping a necklace from Cinderella’s neck (even though the stepsister had thrown away those beads that very morning).

“And that’s my sash!” screeched Anastasia, yanking the old ribbon from Cinderella’s waist.

In a rage, they tore Cinderella’s dress to shreds and then left for the ball.





Heartbroken, Cinderella ran, sobbing, to the garden.

All of a sudden, her fairy godmother appeared beside her. "Dry those tears," she said. "You can't go to the ball looking like that!"

With a wave of her magic wand, she transformed Cinderella's rags into a gown so fine and silvery blue, it shimmered in the moonlight. And along with it, two dainty glass slippers appeared on Cinderella's feet.

"On the stroke of twelve," her fairy godmother warned, "the spell will be broken, and everything will be as it was."





Without a doubt, Cinderella was by far the loveliest girl that the Prince had ever seen, and from the moment she arrived at the ball, he never left her side.

They danced every dance together, then went strolling in the moonlight. Before Cinderella knew it, the palace clock was striking twelve!

Remembering her fairy godmother's warning, she dashed off before the Prince could even ask her name—so fast, in fact, that she left behind one of her glass slippers.



As soon as the Prince found the slipper, he swore he'd marry none other than the girl who fit into it.

A search was declared throughout the kingdom, and though her stepmother and stepsisters did everything they could to stop it, the Prince soon found his true love and Cinderella found hers.

Together they lived happily ever after!





WALT DISNEY'S
Cinderella